Nearly Got Him Once Before Off the Cana-Fighting It With His Dog That Always Howlest on Friday Nights at Midnight.

The fire finally caught old Ed Hawkins, the voodoo man, after hungering for him thirty years. Is caught him in his dilapidated houseboat over in the backwater of the bay at the foot of Twenty-first stree. Brooklyn, in the early hours of yesterday morning and it burned him to the bone.

Once before the fire nearly had him That was when he was a sailor, and his boat burned to the water's edge somewhere off the Canaries. Old Ed Hawkins used to tell the neighbors how the fire put its mark on him even then, when he was the last man to elimb over the vessel's side into the boat with the first mate and two other sailors. He said that they drifted and drifted until the first mate and one of the crew threw themselves to the sharks, and all the sea seemed burning with red flames to him and his companion. They were finally picked up, said Hawkins, but the fire had put its mark on him, and he knew that some day it would get him.

It was twenty minutes after 1 o'clock yesterday morning when two women who occupied one of the cubbyholes on the houseboat which has been old man Hawkins's home for thirty years were awakened by the crash of shivered glass sounding through the thin partition between their bunks and that of the old man. Mrs. Winifred Thornton, her sister, Miss Rita Swanton, and Mrs. Thornton's two children, who had been paying Hawkins \$6 a month for the rent of their "apartments" for the past eighteen months, tumbled out of their beds and beat upon the wall, calling to Hawkins to know what was the matter. They could see a red flicker through the cracks in the boards.

"You all clear out," cried a muffled voice through the thin board partition. "The fire's come again, but it won't get me. I'm fightin' it. Yes, by God, I'm fightin' it."

Mrs. Thornton and her sister had hardly time to snatch the children from their beds and hastily clothe them when the red tongues licked their way through the partition. They got out of the house boat and down the narrow board that led to the shore. Even as they turned a frightened backward look over their shoulders they caught a glimpse of a flaming room and a black figure which swung its arms like wails. like flails.

When the firemen came the whole boat

was a furnace. They ran out two lines of hose and soon had the flames quenched. Then two firemen went in to the charred boathouse and found the old man's charred

body.

Later in the morning, after people were out of their beds, word passed around the shacks at the bay's edge that old Ed Hawkins, the voodoo man, had died fighting the fire in his own houseboat. When old Mrs. Jackson, the colored woman who believed down there back of the oil warehas lived down there back of the oil ware-house since Hawkins first began tying up to the wharves thirty years ago, heard how he had died she drew a circle in the snow by the steps of her porch and put

two crossed sticks in it.

"He's voodoo," said Mrs. Jackson. "The fire's got him at las'. All his conjurin' business gone fer nothin'."

What Mother Jackson spake out of her

knowledge of voodoo the neighborhood echoed. Old man Hawkins was voodoo echoed. Old man Hawkins was voodoo. Didn't he use to cut chickens' necks and let the blood drip into a teacup, and then bury that teacup out in the sand when there was no moon? Didn't he use to have a dog that would howl on Friday nights regularly at midnight? How about that time when two men saw him burning a fire in a pan on the end of his boat at midnight and prancing around it, waving his hands and saying something? s hands and saying something? Yes, old man Hawkins was voodoo.

He tried to charm the fire which came so near getting him that fime his boat burned to the water's edge. He never had a fire in his room on the houseboat except to cook by and he did all of his cooking over the flame of a kerosene burner. Mrs. Thornton attested to that fact yesterday. She said that, no matter how biting the winds that awept in from the outer bay, the old man would not have a fire in his room. He sat with rugs around him during the coldest days and slept at nights with papers piled

high over him. Nobody around the oil warehouses could say yesterday when it was that Ed Hawkins came to live on the bay's edge in his crazy houseboat. It was years ago; some said that it was fully thirty years ago. Even when he came he was an old man. His black skin was wrinkled like an apple that hangs on the tree in March and his hair and long beard were snowy white. He used to wear gold rings in his ears. Hawkins once told a man where he came

from, and that man told it to all the men that used to gather on the end of the wharf at Twentieth street to fish for crabs in summer time. He said that Hawkins whispered to him that he was born somewhere on the Zambesi coast and that his mother was the queen voodoo of the people there. He had been taken from home when he was very young and brought to the Bahamas. Then he became a sailor and travelled over all the world. But when the fire came so near getting him that time off the Canaries he quit the sea and lived down in the Florida swamp country, working as a boatman

All this history went from mouth to mouth along the bay shore around Twenty-first street yesterday. With the story of the voodoo man's life there were coupled reports of what he had in his old house-boat home. There was a stuffed monkey, whose eyes were of glass and when it rained whose eyes were of glass and when it rained the eyes would turn red. In the corner by the bed there was a piece of black wood, as big as the butt end of a pile, all carved around the top with the heads of men and of demons. The voodoo man had on his shelf over his rocking chair a shark's jaw, with triple rows of teeth a cocoanut husk, carved in the shape of a devil's head, and a dried baby alligator.

carved in the shape of a deyil's head, and a dried baby alligator.

But the neighborhood spoke in awed whispers of old man Hawkins's dog, that dog that used to howl every Friday night at midnight. When the firemen found the old man's body in the charred ruins of the boathouse they did not see the body of the dog, which was lying near by. But children found the dog's body and they ran excitedly up past the row of shanties screeching the news.

The dog's bones showed through the burnt flesh, and they glowed green, they said, in the darkness of the fire blackened room where old man Hawkins had died.

FIRE AND THREE ACCIDENTS.

Two to F ire Apparatus and One to Police man Isabel.

A fire which started at 416 Chester street; East New York, and spread to 404 and 406, burned out seven three story frame dwell-ing houses yesterday and was the indirect cause of accidents to two fire engines and the injury of a policeman. An engine the injury of a policeman. An engine from the house of Company 133 broke down on the way to the fire and the pole of the on the way to the fire and the sending from Company 125 got smashed near the fire. Deputy Chief Wise arrived in his automobile just in time to jump out and stop the horses of Engine 125 from running away.
While getting people out of the houses

Policeman Frank Isabel was caught under a shower of broken glass and his right ear was nearly severed.

Lee Shubert Before Grand Jury.

It is understood that the Grand Jury completed yesterday its investigation of the charge of criminal conspiracy in restraint of trade against the theatrical trust. Lee Shubert was the only witness examined. It is probable that the Grand Jury will report on Monday whether or not there will

# STILL ANOTHER VICTORY! Mesmobile

In the races at Ormond, Florida, last Tuesday (Jan. 22), Ralph Owen drove his Oldsmobile Palace Touring Car to victory in the one mile contest for stock touring cars carrying four passengers. There were hine starters.

#### THIS IS THE SAME CAR MR. OWEN DROVE ALL THE WAY FROM NEW YORK TO ORMOND

That proves durability and high grade construction, does it not? Isn't your new car going to be an Oldsmobile Palace Touring Car?

Oldsmobile Co. of New York. Broadway and 51st St. CUTTING & LARSON, Proprietors.

MRS. LEASE HAMMERS MAN

FOR DENYING THE SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN.

Millions of Whom Support Husbands Who Won't Work-It's Just Awful the Way Things Are Going—Real Suffragette Sees Hope for Them in England.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease, the ex-Minerva of he one time Populist party, who long, long ago took the stump for William J. Bryan, came out of the West yesterday and at the neeting of the Women's Democratic Club at the Hoffman House said some most scorching things about the male sex.

Mrs. Lease's address, which was on the subject of "Equal Wage for Equal Work," was only one of the numbers on the programme, which included an explanation of the registry of the first woman lobbyist at Albany to boost bills for women suffrage, and a speech by a real suffragette from England, who gave utterance to the fervent hope that the westen in this country had not believed them to be the "Horrid, scratching, screaming things," as the cable accounts had made them out.

Mrs. Lease started in by pointing out that America was supposed to be a just country, and yet women, who were good enough to rear the men of the country. were by them denied the suffrage on the paltry, ignoble basis of the accident of sex. "The world," continued Mrs. Lease, "yes, not only the world, but President Roosevelt, call on us to bear not one, not

Roosevelt, call on us to bear not one, not two or three, but many children—many children, I say, to protect the race from suicide and fill up the ranks of the workers for the benefit of the men.

"We do not foolishly complain. But we want the ballot. It is the only weapon that will remove from the female sex all the thousand injustices and inequalities placed upon it. The problems of illiteracy and of child labor are the problems of woman suffrage. Give us the suffrage and we will be able to take care of our children so that there will be neither child labor nor illiteracy. To give us the suffrage—this is the test of intellect, the task of religion and the trust of patriotism. [Whispers of "I wonder what that mean."]

"There are 5,000,000 women workers in the country. Fifty-six per cent. of them have been abandoned by their husbands and had nothing else to do but work. Oh, what a spectacle! And here, right here in your proud metropolis, the latest statistics show that 26,000 men are supported by women. Oh, what an example of the justice and the chivalry of man! And yet these drones of industry, notoriously unfit to preject the home, have the right to go to the polls and use their ballots to oppress the very women who are supporting them. the polls and use their ballots to oppress the very women who are supporting them. "Alas, it has gone too far! The time has

come for action. Protestation, denuncia indignation and agitation-all are vain so far as getting an equal wage for equal work until we get the suffrage. The suf-frage movement as a movement has not moved so fast because of the lack—and I am ashamed to acknowledge it-of male

"Alas, that this should be so. In England the movement has engaged the interest and enthusiastic services of those who rank as the proudest and brightest in the peerage of the country.

"But now to the means of winning our

iberties. For at the present time, in spite of the much vaunted liberty of all true born Americans, half of the nation, and that by far the better half, if I say it myself, is in bondage, slaves to an outworn Mrs. B. Borrmann Wells of Surbiton.

Surrey, one of the suffragettes who attracted attention by their sensational methods of resisting the authorities in order to impress London with the seriousness of the suffrage movement, then made a short speech in which she apologized for ssarily unladylike tactics of her

You mustn't really believe us to be the horrid things the papers made us out. We had to agitate in that way to focus the attention of the public on our movement. It was perfectly awful and it made us feel perfectly dreadful. But it had its effect. And we believe that as a result feel perfectly dreadful. But it had its effect. And we believe that as a result we will have the suffrage in a very short time in England, possibly in three months."

Miss Nellie O'Brien, one of the members, then introduced a resolution, which was passed with much applause, indersing the movement of the Interborough Association of Women Teachers of New York in attempting to obtain equal waters and cover. tempting to obtain equal wages and equal recognition all along the line for the women teachers with the men. A copy of the resolution will be sent to the Board of Education.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

When the fresh, unsalted caviar began When the fresh, unsalted caviar began to be popular it was sold by the large restaurants that imported it for their own use. Then the fruit shops began to deal in it in smaller quantities. In whatever way it was sold the price kept on rising. At first caviar was enough of a luxury at \$6 a pound. During the war between Russia and Japan, when it was not possible, according to local dealers, to get the fishermen to catch the sturgeon, the price went up to \$7. The New York appetite for the delicacy was evidently the only reason for demanding a short time later a dellar more. Now that caviar is established as a regular article of our diet a shop has been opened here by a Russian firm. Only caviar is sold, and it is declared to be exactly as eaten in St. Petersburg. The price has kept advancing and the best sturgeon roe in the new shop cannot be had for less than \$10 a pound.

"The newest thing in postal cards," said the stationer, "is the bear card, an offshoot or continuation of the Teddy bear craze. The bear postal card has attached to it a black bear cut out of rather long napped plush. The nap, or pile, of the plush is left its full length on the body of the bear, while it is trimmed off somewhat on the legs, giving this little black bear quite a furry appearance. Some of the postal card bears are walking, and some standing up on their hind legs. They are mounted on cards of various sorts, some plain and some embellished with views in colors. The bear postal cards are made in Germany." "The newest thing in postal cards," said

It needed only the continuing popularity of bridge to put a final end to the waning vogue of the afternoon tea. The games have continued so late in the afternoon for several seasons past that women who had been playing had to hurry home to be in timefor dinner. None of them ever thought of stopping on the way to attend a tea, and less of giving up the afternoon game. In this way even the women gradually gave up the teas, which had become a function attended so little by the men that it grew oustomary not to invite them

The dressing rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House have recently become overrun with dogs—not strange and wandering curs, but the pets of the prima donnas. Singularly enough, it is the American singers who are most devoted to the animals. Mme. who are most devoted to the animals. Mme. Fames never goes to the theatre without her pet dachshund, which is of Italian birth and named Mimi, a near relative, moreover, of Pini, who was the soprano's favorite until he became too old to travel.

Miss Jacoby has the largest dog that enters the theatre, while Miss Abott has the other extreme in the matter of size. Miss Jacoby never appears without a hure half

Jacoby never appears without a huge bull terrier, which is so demonstrative that he has to be held on a string. Bessie Abott's pet is so small that he can sit comfortably in the crook of her arm.

"Nobody but a clerk in an all night drug store knows how many people require a sleeping potion of some kind between 1 and 4 o'clock in the morning," said the man who mixing a soothing compound. of them stop on their way home from fes-tivities, while others, finding themselves unable to sleep after going to bed, get up and come over for a composing nightcap. several customers who come in night after night at a certain hour. I asked one of them once why he didn't get a prescription made up and keep the medicine in his room so he could take it when necessary without the trouble of coming necessary without the trouble of coming down here for a spoonful of soothing syrup.
"I come here,' said he, 'because I am afraid to keep the stuff at home. When I lived over in Jersey City I kept some kind of drops in my room for use whenever insomnia attacked me. One night I took an overdose and came near falling asleep forever. Since then I come out after the stuff rather than take chances."

"I do all my banking in New York now," said a wealthy suburbanite, "for I do love luxury, and the New York banks offer that to their feminine clientèle. If the sidewalk is even damp there is an awning from the curb to the door, with a buttons to give the orders to the coachman. Then there's always a special ladies' department, with a separate cage for her accounts and a teller that is warranted not to smile at any possible mistake in feminine banking methods. Besides all this there is a parlor, with a white capped maid, all sorts of new magazines and fashion papers, to say nothing of the little dressing room with all kinds of the little dressing room with all kinds of toilet requisites. I sometimes wonder how an item like powder or manicure scissors must look on the supply list of an up to date bank!

"I asked an old New York banker the other day whether all these things paid, the awnings and the ladies' maid and the powder. He simply looked at me and laughed as he said:
"Well, bankers aren't philanthropists,

you know.'

"From that I suppose it pays or they wouldn't do it."

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE \$20 OPEN MILEAGE TICKET.

On September 1, 1906, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company placed on sale at \$20 each one-thousand-mile tickets, good for one year, and good for the passage of the holder, and any number of other persons within mileage limit of ticket, on any of the lines of the Company east of Pittsburgh and Buffalo. This ticket has proved so popular that it has been almost impossible to print them fast enough to meet the demand, about 200,000 having been distributed at this time.

For business houses which keep a force on the road or which find it necessary to send men out frequently, the ticket is especially attractive, as it is good in the hands of any one at any time and for as many as it may be desirable to use it.

Merchants, manufacturers, business men, and others who make frequent trips to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and other cities have also found it a very convenient ticket. It is available at any moment, not only for the business man himself, but for any one whom he may desire to send, and for the members of his family.

In fact, it is a convenient and desirable form of transportation for every one, for by its use a two-cent-a-mile rate is obtained for one-way. trips, and in many cases a considerable reduction is gained in the excursion rates.

Mileage Tickets are on sale at all Ticket Offices.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

HUGO HEERMAN PLAYS BEETHO-VEN'S VIOLIN MUSIC.

Wassill Safonoff Conducts Brahms, Grieg and Glinka-The Brahms Symphony Not Very

The fifth afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society took place yesterday at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of the third symphony of Brahms, Grieg's "Lyric Suite," Beethoven's violin concerto and the overture to Glinka's "Russlan and Ludamilla." The solo performer was Hugo Heerman. The audience was of the familiar size, but its deportment was unusually repressed. Even Mr. Heerman's playing evoked but mild raptures. Let the last in this case be first. The concert had already lasted two hours when the one piece of Russian music on the list was reached. Then thoughtful habitues of the Philharmonic concerts must have wondered why it had ever been reached at all.

This overture is altogether too light and flimsy music to be introduced into the programmes of the Philharmonic Society. It should be relegated to Sunday night concerts at one of the opera houses. However, it gave Mr. Safonoff opportunity to throw off the apparent restraint under which he had been laboring all the afternoon and to conduct in a manner after his own heart. He made the overture go with snap and sonority.

The other unfamiliar number was that of Grieg. Anton Seidl some years ago orchestrated three of the piano compositions known as the "Lyric Pieces." These were played at Brighton Beach. Henry T. Finck, who never lets anything by Grieg escape his observant eye, called the atten tion of the composer to what Mr. Seidl had done, and the result was that Grieg did it over for himself. It was the Grieg arrangement that was heard yesterday.

Very graceful, lucid and pretty music is this, but again not altogether worthy of the serious consideration of the Philharmonic Society, that is if the organization has any desire to preserve its traditional dignity and musical exclusiveness. The pieces were excellently played, and Mr. Safonoff seemed to be entirely in sympathy with them. He conducted them ad-

pathy with them. He conducted them admirably.

It would be most agreeable to say the same of his delivery of the Brahms symphony in F major, but the truth is that he seemed to have little affection for the work. What Mr. Safonoff has not yet discovered in this symphony is so considerable that it cannot and indeed, need not be set forth in detail within the limits of a newspaper article. Suffice it to say that he took the first movement too fast the second too slow, the third too fast, and the last a little of both. He began the last movement beautifully but

began the last movement beautifully but he ran away with the second theme. The serenity and elevation of artistic spirit found in this music do not seem to appeal to this conductor, whose pulses beat with dramatic excitement all the time. The dramatic excitement all the time. The opportunities for extreme nuance, for striking contrasts of pace and force, are not sufficiently abundant in the music of Brahms to afford full scope to his inclinations. It was plain yesterday that he was under restraint and the results were not happy.

Hugo Heerman was by no means at his best. He can play the Beethoven violin concerto better than that Naturally his

best. He can play the Beethoven violin concerto better than that. Naturally his correct conception of the composition did not desert him, but his tone lacked its former warmth and his intonation was too frequently sad and depressing. Mr. Heerman is a fine artist, and probably there were reasons for his shortcoming not manifest to the passing hearer. In certain portions of the work, notably in the cadenza of the first movement and the closing part of the second, he played quite up to his own level. second, he played quite up to his own level

AT THE OPERA HOUSES. Miss Cavalleri Sings Tosca at Very Short

"La Sonnambula" was sung at the Mannattan Opera House last night. That there was no public excitement over the production of this most naïve of operas was demonstrated by the fact that the audience was one of moderate size. The performance, however, had merit, for Mr. Hammerstein's company contains singers who are quite at home in music of this kind.

Miss Pinkert was, of course, the gentle and much abused Amina, who walked in her sleep and was thereby made the victim of much village gossip. Miss Pinkert has so often displayed the peculiarities of her style in similar parts that no further comment is needed than the record that she was herself last night.

Mr. Bonci appeared as the thick-skulled and lachrymose Elvino and sang the music with all the charm of his exquisite art. Other persons concerned in the evening's doings were Miss Trentini as Lisa, and Mr. Mugnoz as Rodolfo

was given at the Metropolitan Opera House, but without the cooperation of Mme. Eames. She had not sufficiently of Mme. Eames. She had not sufficiently recovered from the injury to her knee to undertake the love chase of the second act, and hence Lina Cavalieri, who is much in evidence this season, was called ipon at short notice to take the title rôle. The indulgence of the audience was asked for her, but she seemed hardly to need it was apparently quite familiar with

Miss Cavalieri's Tosca was of the same family as her other impersonations. It had interesting pictorial features and was vigorous in temperament. In the circumstances the soprano should be accorded every consideration. Singing without stage rehearsal and for the first time in her life, she deserves only credit for that which she did well and no censure for that which she

did inefficiently.

The other members of the cast were the same as heretofore. Mr. Caruso and Mr. same as heretofore. Mr. Caruso and Mr. Scotti repeated impersonations already well known and deservedly admired.

ACTOR SALVINI WINS.

Appellate Division Upholds Award of \$20,-000 Damages Against Liebler & Co.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court yesterday handed down a unanimous decision upholding the award of \$20,000 damages to Tomaso Salvini, the elder, for breach of contract against the theatrical firm of Liebler & Co.

Salvini was to have made a farewell tour of this country under the Lieblers' direction in 1904, presenting a repertory of classical plays. When the time came for him to start from Italy the Lieblers, he alleged, refused to forward his passage money. Salvini put his case in the hands of Lawyer John R. McMullen of 60 Wall street and brought suit against the managers for breach of contract. It is the decision of the lower court in his favor that the Appellate Division yesterday affirmed.

Opera Notes.

Owing to the continued illness of Mme. Sembrich, the performance of "Don Pasquale," announced for this afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, will not take "Romeo et Juliette" will be sung by Mmes. Farrar and Jacoby and MM. Rousseliére, Plancon and Journet.

John Ward, treasurer of the Manhattan Opera House, has announced that no tickets ordered for the two appearances of Melha next week will be sent by Applicants are requested to call for them at the theatre. Mario Sammarco will make his first appearance there next Friday in "Pagliacci."

Marcel Journet has been engaged to sing at Covent Garden in the revival of "La Damnation de Faust," which will be made there in May. SAULTARSUS

#### Illustrations by CASTAIGNE

Saul of Tarsus will make for itself as permanent a place as Ben-Hur. Its theme is mighty, its action swiftly rushing, its incidents closely packed, its plot intricate, its setting brilliantly wrought, its characterization masterly, its spirit passionate. Saul of Tarsus is a book of unmistakable sincerity and distinction, greatness and -William R. Lighton in Omaha World-Herald

By the Author of THE YOKE

NEW CROSS CONTINENT LINE

TO BE RUN BY ELECTRICITY: STOCK OFFERED FOR SALE.

First Allotment to Be of \$50,000,000, With Other Fifty Millions as Needed-Alvah Trowbridge Named as One Director -Chatham Bank Makes a Statement

An advertisement in one of the financial papers interested the Wall and Broad street sections of the town late yesterday afternoon, for it was signed by the Railroad Securities Company of 66 Broadway and unfolded a plan for the construction of a through electric railroad New York to the Mississippi River, with a branch from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

The Railroad Securities Company known in the Street has E. H. Harriman as president and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. as the other stockholder. Its offices are at 120 Broadway. Only a short while ago Stuyvesant Fish had a third interest in it and it owned outright \$9,500,000, or 10 per cent. of all the Illinois Central stock outstanding.

Any suggestion that the Railroad Securities Company which Wall Street knows intends to devote the money realized from the sale of its Illinois Central to an electric line was answered in part by this list of directors printed in small type under the signature "The Railroad Securities Company":

Alvah Trowbridge, ex-president American Bankers' Association. Willard Reed Green, railroad constructor

Leonard F. Requa, capitalist, retired. Charles F. Sherman, Lawrence, L. I. J. Lloyd Haigh, New York, treasurer. That there was another Railroad Securi-

ties Company in the world was verified later. It was a new company entirely. Briefly, the new Railroad Securities Company, acting as fiscal agents, offers an issue of 500,000 shares of \$100 each of the Transcontinental Electric Railroad Company, which issue "is part of a series of similar shares to be issued as required." The length of these series of \$50,000,000 issues

the notice does not state. It is expressly stipulated, however, that one-half of the proceeds of the shares may be used only in a physical construction of the railroads of the company. The other half is to be used in "paying the costs of brganization and incorporation, complying with the requirements of the laws, obtain ing franchises and other necessary ex-penses and for the equipment and collateral structures of the lines of railroad."

The company proposes, it is stated, to construct several different lines of standard railroad, including "a line from points in the vicinity of New York to a point on the Mississippi River in the State of Illinois; a line transverse thereto extending north and south along the valley of said Mississippi River, a distance of approximately 650 miles; lines extending from points on said north and south lines westward, and branches to connect with important shipping points." Ocean to ocean and Lakes to Gulf is the dream of the promoters, and the stock is now offered at 66 per cent.

on the list of directors, was president of the American Bankers' Association in 1900, at which time he was connected with the Bank of North America. He is now a director of the American Sewer Pipe Company and of the Bankers' Trust Company. But that he was a director of the Railroad Securities Company he said he did not know until informed of the advertisement last night.

"I am not a stockholder," he said, "either in the Transcontinental Electric Railroad Company or the Railroad Securities Com pany. I do not know that eleties which has been incorporated and I know nothing has been incorporated and I know nothing of the plans for the contruction of a new railroad. No more did I know that an advertisement with my name attached to it was to be published. News of the advertisement itself was the first news Mr. Trowbridge said, however, that he

inderstood he was to be made a director of the Railroad Securities Company. The particulars of this understanding he did particulars of this understanding he did not explain. He had no knowledge, he said, of Charles E. Sherman, Lawrence, L. I., or J. Lloyd Haigh, treasurer, New York, but he was acquainted with Willard Reed Green, railroad constructor, and Leonard F. Requa, capitalist, retired, Mr. Requa he described as a retired grain merchant of ample resources. Mr. Green he had met in offices at 66 Broadway, but he did not knowjwhat railroad constructing he did not know what railroad constructing he had done or in what enterprise he had been interested or engaged. That, said Mr. Trowbridge, was the sum of his knowl-

edge. Charles E. Sherman has an office at 20 Charles E. Sherman has an office at 20 Broad street and is treasurer and director of the Philippine Transportation and Construction Company. The name of J. Lloyd Haigh is not in the city directory.

The advertisement of the transcontinental railroad ends in this way:

Bankers-The Chatham National Bank, New George M. Hard, president of the Chatham

National, said last night:
"The Chatham National is in no way
fiscal agent for the Railroad Securities Company or the Transcontinental Ele Railroad Company. I never heard either company until late this aftern and then discovered that the Railroad Securities Company had made a small deposit in the bank. I had not the slightest intimation that the name of the bank was to be appended to one of the company's advertisements. If my consent had been requested, I should have refused."

The wedding of Miss Grace Woodman Phillips and Henry Burnet Post took place yesterday afternoon in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Eighty-sixth street and West End avenue. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Phillips. Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Post will sail for Valparaiso, Chile, this morning.

### Southwestern Limited

For Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis gives to the Southwest the same character of service that the "20th Century," the "Lake Shore Limited," and the "Wolverine" give to Chicago.

A luxurious train with a Buffet Library Car, Observation Car, Stenographer, Barber, Fresh and Salt Baths and Ladies' Maid.

Leaves Grand Central Station, New York, every day, at 2.04 P. M., arrives Columbus 7.15 A. M., Cincinnati 11.00 A. M., Indianapolis 10.50 A. M. and St. Louis 5.00 P. M., via



REFERRED TO BY THE PRESS AND PUBLIC OF TWO CON-TINENTS AS "AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILWAY SYSTEM."

Information gladly furnished by L. F. Vosburgh, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 1216 Broadway, New York, telephone 5680 Madison Square, or by any ticket agent of these lines.

THE TRAINS OF THESE LINES ARE PROTECTED BY THE MOST PERFECT BLOCK SIGNAL SYSTEM IN THE WORLD.

A copy of "America's Winter Resorts," containing seven beautiful many printed in colors, and brief descriptions of 63 Winter resorts, mailed to any address on receipt of a 2-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, Manager, General Advertising Department, New York.

DOESN'T LIKE DR. GEER'S PLAN. ers. Nourse Says His Girls' Luncheon Club Scheme Isn't Practical.

Harriet Potter Nourse, who was going to help the Rev. Dr. William Mon-Geer with his noonday lunch club for girls downtown if he ran it on the plan of the Chicago Noonday Club, has drawn out of the scheme because, as she said yesterday, she felt sure that it could not succeed as it was going to be managed. She said that she could not for her own sake and that of the Chicago club, which was and is a great success, continue to be identified with the Geer scheme. That is because the New York club isn't to be run on Chicago

"Dr. Geer is a fine man, but he has no "Dr. Geer is a fine man, but he has no business head. He has put the cart before the horse," said Mrs. Nourse yesterday. "He invited the girls into his place before he had a club ready. He said that it was to be on the lines of the Chicago club and was to be non-sectarian. But it isn't. It's called the St. Paul Chapel Guild, and that doesn't sound non-sectarian to me. loesn't sound non-sectarian to me.

"Besides, he expects the women that he has asked to help him to go down every day to the club and cook things for the girls. They are enthusiastic, but they can't stand it. Dr. Geer ought to have gotten up an entertainment and raised money for his club that way, and then with the money hired a steward and cook and the money mired and put the scheme on a business basis. He has only two rooms and they aren't enough either. Why, business basis. He has only two rooms and they aren't enough either. Why, there'll be 100 girls in those two little rooms and the poor women who have volunteered to help will be sick and nervous in two days.

"He's all right if some one gave him about \$2,000. Then he could go along nicely for a while. But he had only \$45, and he has spent that on supplies. The women has spent that on supplies. The women

for a while. But he had only \$45, and he has spent that on supplies. The women have volunteered to furnish provisions, but that can't keep up forever. It's nothing but a church donation party and people get tired of giving. He isn't giving the girls things any cheaper than other places would. It won't be any saving to them.

"I hope he'll succeed, and I would do all I could. But he has practically advertised that he is going ahead on the plan of the Chicago club, and he isn't—at least, just now. I was interested in the, Chicago club, and I showed him its reports and everything like that. But I don't want people here to be able to say that the New York club, if it fails, was like the Chicago club.

"I sent a letter to him resigning my place on the managing board, and he probably got it yesterday. I haven't heard from him as yet. I told him in the letter that I didn't like to get out, but that I felt bound to. Clergymen, some way, haven't any idea of business."

YOUNG GIRL HIS ACCUSER. She Swears That Accountant McCoun Assaulted Her on the Street.

George H. McCoun, a man of thirty-three, who said that he has been ten years an accountant and office manager in the Seville Packing Company at 202 Franklin street, was held in \$500 bail for trial in the West Side court yesterday charged with assault upon a fifteen-year-old girl. Nellie McGrath of 200 West Ninety-eighth street, the com-plainant, told a straight story of McCoun's action on Tuesday evening in West Ninety-eighth street and was corroborated by Catherine Kevil, 14 years old, of 772 Amsterdam avenue, who was with her.

McCoun declared his innocence yesterday, and said he had not seen the girls until he was confronted by them when arrested. Former Magistrate Ommen, who appeared for him, thought that the probabilities were all in McCoun's favor. He said that if he were not convinced of McCoun's innocence he would not appear

to defend him. THREE BOYS HAD ECZEMA OF HEAD

One Mother's Trials - Little Ones Treated at Dispensary for Three Months - Did Not Seem to Improve - Suffered Five Months.

ALL WERE PERFECTLY CURED BY CUTICURA

"My three children had eczema for five months. A little sore would appear on the head and seemed very itchy, had had it about a week when the second boy took the disease and a few sores developed, then the third boy took it. For the first three months I took them to the N— Dispensary, and they told me that the children had ringthey told me that the children had ring-worm, but they did not seem to im-prove. Then I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, and I thought I would write you about my case, and when I got the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Oint-ment I bathed the children's heads with warm water and Cuticura Oint-ment. In a few weeks they had im-proved, and when their heads were well you could see nothing of the sores. I you could see nothing of the sores. I should be very glad to let others know about the great Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Kate Keim, 513 West 29th St., New York, N. Y., Nov. 1, 5, and 7, 1906."

**CUTICURA GROWS HAIR** Removes Dandruff and Soothes

Itching, Irritated Scalps. Warm shampoos with Cuticura Soap, and light dressings with Cuticura, the purest and sweetest of emollients, stol falling hair, r crusts, scales, dandruff, de hair parasites, soothe irritated, itching surfaces,



ment, and make sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp who

else fails. For all purposes of the bath, and nursery, Cuticura Son and Cuticura Ointment are priceless. Complete External and Internal Tresument for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults of Sists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Shin Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), for in the form of the fact Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60) to Purit his Blood, Soid throughout the world. Potter in the Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60 to Purit his Blood, Soid throughout the world. Potter in the Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60 to Purit his Blood, Soid throughout the world.